

## Open Hand

### Shaman's Harvest

I wear this weighted chain upon my neck  
Leaving me all wrapped away to write perfect dreams  
And my shoulders are over burdened endlessly  
Of all the truths I've proven that  
You're so real...real  
Just so obvious...  
It's just not right to work this hard  
And not to suffice  
Spending all our waking hours in pathetic lives  
I just need a little time to make it right  
I promise you to always be true  
And so real...real  
Just so obvious...  
Help me stand on my own  
Lend me your hand or leave me alone  
Open hand, make my standing now  
And I've had enough  
I'm not that tough  
Incandescent thoughts are filling, waking me  
To take one more hit, one more hit, one more hit  
Will kill me... Mercy...